

# The Desert

## TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 2.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1798.

VOL. I.

"AND how" said a person to his friend, "how did you like *The Desert*?" "Extremely well," replied he, "but there was still something wanting to suit my wife and children's taste, they like some good story, and I hope the Editor will take care in his next number to gratify them."—"And so he will" said the Editor, who just entered, "The taste of every one shall be consulted so far as lies in my power."

In compliance with this promise, a small portion of "*The Desert*" will in future be devoted to the gratification of this class of readers.

### AZAKIA:

#### A Canadian Story.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were, strictly speaking, all savages. Nothing proves this better than the destiny of some Frenchmen, who first arrived in this part of the world. They were eaten by the people, whom they pretended to humanize and polish.

New attempts were more successful. The savages were driven into the inner parts of the continent; treaties of peace, always ill observed, were concluded with them; but the French found means to create in them wants which made their yoke necessary to them. Their brandy and tobacco easily effected what their arms might have operated with greater difficulty. Confidence soon became mutual, and the forests of Canada were frequented with as much freedom by the new inmates as by the natives.

These forests were often also resorted to by the married and unmarried savage women, whom the meeting of a Frenchman put into no terrors. All these women for the most part are handsome, and certainly their beauty owes nothing to the embellishments of art; much less has it any influence on their conduct. Their character is naturally mild and flexible, their humour gay; they laugh in the most agreeable and winning manner. They have a strong propensity to love; a propensity which a maiden in this country may yield to, and always indulges without scruple, and without fearing the least reproach. It is not so with a married woman; she must be entirely devoted to him she has married; and what is not less worthy of notice, she punctually fulfils this duty.

An heroine of this class, and who was born among the Hurons, one day happened to wander in a forest that lay contiguous to the grounds they inhabited. She was surprised by a French soldier, who did not trouble himself to enquire whether she was a wife or a maiden. Besides, he found himself little disposed to respect the right of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage in defending herself brought to the same place the Baron of St. Castins, an officer in the troops of Canada. He had no difficulty to oblige the soldier to depart, but the person he

had so opportunely saved had so many engaging charms, that the soldier appeared excusable to him. Being himself tempted to sue for the reward of the good office he had just rendered, he pleaded his cause in a more gentle and insinuating manner than the soldier, but did not succeed better: "The friend that is before my eyes hinders my seeing thee," said the Huron woman to him. This is the savage phrase for expressing that a woman has a husband, and that she cannot be wanting in fidelity to him. This phrase is not a vain form; it contains a peremptory refusal; it is common to all the women of those barbarous nations; and its force the neighbourhood of the Europeans and their example were never able to diminish.

St. Castins, to whom the language and customs of the Hurons were familiar, saw immediately that he must drop all pretensions; and this persuasion recalled all his generosity. He therefore made no other advances than to accompany the beautiful savage, whom chance alone had directed into the wood, and who was afraid of new rencounters. As they passed on, he received all possible marks of gratitude, except that which he at first requested.

Some time after St. Castins, being insulted by a brother officer, killed him in a duel. This officer was nephew to the general governor of the colony, and the governor was as absolute as vindictive. St. Castins had no other resource than to betake himself to flight. It was presumed that he had retired among the English of New-York: which, indeed, was very probable; but, persuaded that he should find an equally safe asylum among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of seeing again Azakia, which was the name of the savage he had relieved, contributed greatly to determine him in that choice. She knew immediately her deliverer. Nothing could equal her joy at this unexpected visit, and she declared it as ingenuously as before she had resisted his attacks. The savage, whose wife she was, and whose name was Ouabi, gave St. Castins the same reception, who acquainted him of the motive of his flight. "May the great Spirit be praised, for having brought thee among us," replied the Huron! "This body," added he, laying his hand on his bosom, "will serve thee as a shelter for defence, and this head-breaking hatchet will put to flight, or strike dead thy enemies. My hut shall be thine; thou shalt always see the bright star of the day appear and leave us, without any thing being wanting to thee, or any thing being able to hurt thee."

St. Castins declared to him that he absolutely desired to live as they did, that is, to bear a part in their labours and their wars; to abide by their customs; in short, to become a Huron; a resolution which redoubled Ouabi's joy. This savage held the first rank among his people; he was

their Grand Chief, a dignity which his courage and services had merited for him. There were other chiefs under him, and he offered one of the places to St. Castins, who accepted of the rank only of a private warrior.

The Hurons were then at war with the Iroquois, and were intent on forming some enterprise against them. St. Castins would fain make one in the expedition, and he fought as a true Huron, but was dangerously wounded. He was brought back with great difficulty to Ouabi's house on a kind of litter. At this sight Azakia appeared overwhelmed with grief, but, instead of vain lamentation, she exerted all possible care and assiduity to be of service to him. Though she had several slaves at command, she depended only on herself for what might contribute to the safety of her guest. Her activity equalled her solicitude. One would have said that it was a lover watching over the precious life of her beloved. Few could help drawing the most flattering consequences on such an occasion; and this was what St. Castins did. His desires and his hopes revived with his strength. One only point discontented his views, which was the services and attentions of Ouabi. Could he deceive him, without adding ingratitude to perfidy? But, said St. Castins, arguing the case with himself, the good natured Ouabi, is but a savage, and he cannot be so scrupulous herein as many of our good folks in Europe. This reason which was no reason in fact, appeared very solid to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with new refusals. "Stop! Celario (which was the savage name that was given to St. Castins;) stop," said Azakia to him; "the shivers of the rod which I have broke with Ouabi have not yet been reduced to ashes. A part remains still in his power, and another in mine. As long as they last, I am his and cannot be thine." These words, spoke in a peremptory manner, quite disconcerted St. Castins. He dared not insist upon the matter farther, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Azakia was deeply affected by it. "What can I do?" said she to him; "I cannot become thy companion but by ceasing to become the companion of Ouabi; and I cannot quit Ouabi without causing in him the same sorrow thou feelest in thyself. Answer me, has he deserved it?"—"No!" cried out Celario; "no! he deserves to be entirely preferred before me; but I must abandon his dwelling. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia that I can cease to be ungrateful to Ouabi."

These words chilled with paleness the young savage's face: her tears flowed almost the same instant, and she did not endeavour to conceal them. "Ah! ungrateful Celario!" cried she, with sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; "is it true, ungrateful Celario! that thou hast a mind to quit those to whom thou art more

grief, and love could suggest to him most convincing; nothing seemed to be so to the young

difficulty he saved a small number of women and children. He was apprehensive particularly,

felt obliged to evince equal generosity. He refused what he desired most, and refused in vain;



dear than the light of the bright star of the day; what have we done to thee that thou shouldst leave us? Is any thing wanting to thee? Dost thou not see me continually by thy side as the slave that wants but the beck to obey? Why wilt thou have Azakia die of grief? Thou canst not leave her without taking with thee her soul: she is thine, as her body is Ouabi's.—The entrance of Ouabi stopped the answer of St. Castins. Azakia still continued weeping, without restraining herself, without even hiding for a moment the cause. "Friend," said she to the Huron, "thou still seest Celario, thou seest him, and thou mayest speak to and hear him; but he will soon disappear from before thine eyes: he is going to seek after other friends." "Other friends," cried the savage, almost as much alarmed as Azakia herself; "and what, dear Celario, what induces thee to tear thyself from our arms? Hast thou received here any injury, any damage? Answer me; thou knowest my authority in these parts. I swear to thee by the Great Spirit, that thou shalt be satisfied and revenged."

This question greatly embarrassed St. Castins. He had no reasonable subject for complaint, and the true motive of his resolution ought to be absolutely unknown to Ouabi. "There was a necessity of pretending some trivial and common reasons, which the good Ouabi found very ridiculous. 'Let us speak of other things,' added he, 'to-morrow I set out on an expedition against the Iroquois, and this evening I give to our warriors the customary feast. Partake of this amusement, dear Celario.'—'I am equally willing to partake of your dangers and labours,' said St. Castins, interrupting him; 'I shall accompany you in this new expedition.'—'Thy strength would betray thy courage,' replied the Huron chief; 'it is no great matter to know how to face death; thou shouldst be able to deal death among the enemy; thou shouldst be able to pursue the enemy, if they are put to flight, and thou shouldst be able to fly thyself, if they be an over match. Such were at times our warlike maxims. Think now therefore only on getting thyself cured, and taking care of this habitation during my absence, which I confide to thee.' It was in vain for St. Castins to make a reply. The warriors soon assembled, and the feast begins. It was scarce over when the troops marched off, and St. Castins remained with Azakia.

It is certain that this young savage loved her guest, and loved him with a love purely ideal, without doubting that it was such a love. She even took a resolution which others who loved as she did, certainly would not have taken, which was to fix his attention on another. The charms of the rival she gave herself, were well calculated to attract his regards. She was but eighteen years old, and very handsome. St. Castins, encouraged by Azakia, had divers conferences with Zisma, which was the name of this young Huron lady, and in a few days he could read in her eyes that she would be less severe than his friend. But in vain were all his efforts, he could not forget Azakia, and he felt himself, notwithstanding all his interior struggles, more attached to her than ever. An incident, which every where else might have contributed to unite them, had like to have separated them for ever.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## FOR THE DESERT.

### ON SENSIBILITY.

YES my friend "a disposition very susceptible of soft impressions is a source of much pleasure, or of much pain," but although alike susceptible, we ought carefully to distinguish between a temper of the thoughtful kind and one tinged with a spark of levity, the latter indeed feels, but soon loses the lively impression, whilst the former retaining its lasting effect is blessed in the pleasure or languishes with the pain.

An insensible heart views with indifference the varied impressions of combining objects, and calmly gazes on the affecting scenes which give the keenest strokes to the softening bosom of Sensibility, and was pleasure but the absence of pain, such dispositions would greatly profit by their Letargy.

But acknowledging the existence of pleasure, distinct from the want of pain, surely we could not prefer a state of torpidity resembling the sleep of human nature, and approaching (as it were) to non existence.—Can a reasonable being, desire to stupify the Soul—to shut out "Feelings of another's woe," when such a disposition might preclude him from a thousand ideal pleasures, felt in the happiness of a fellow man?—To find a lively pleasure in the enjoyment of another's bliss; to light the Torch of Joy, at the sparkling eye of unaffected cheerfulness, appears so virtuous, so divinely beneficent a source of enjoyment, so pure, so disinterested a flame, that we know ourselves interested therein, but by the common connection and link we hold with mankind generally, and are tempted to deny self-love her share in it.—This, however, we may be convinced of, that that there is the smallest portion, which possibly can enter into a human action.

Without Sensibility, friendship cannot exist. From it, as from their immediate source and fountain, flow spontaneous, every endearing connection, each engaging passion of the heart. GENTLE PITY, soft-eyed child of Heaven, GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP, offspring of the virtuous breast alone, and LOVE, the polisher of the human race, ye exist but in the truly susceptible bosom—Who then would turn the benevolent spring? Or who destroy the source, whence fruits like these arise. Yet, turn the sad reverse—transplant into thy bosom, ill foreign from thy own; to feel another's pleasure, we too must feel his pain, and joined to this must bear our proper burthen.

Could the hand relieve when soft compassion moved, or stop the gushing tear of woe—could the touch restore to the bed of sickness balm health and ease,—the ill of frail Humanity—could we expel from the soul of Friendship, the sigh of agony, and heal the rending wounds of grief, or could the affectionate heart and sympathetic tear give ease to dire anxiety—would unshaken friendship always meet our preference, and still more, would the dear object of our ten'erest affections, blest with sensibility approve the happy choice, and together with her hand, crown our affection with equal returns from the heart—then ought we not to scruple feeling all its effects.

But alas! perhaps none of these may be accomplished, then wretched will be his lot, who melting with pity, can apply no remedy to misfortunes which he sees, whose friend's distress he cannot relieve, and whose faithful love meets no return.

Yet misfortune loses its keenest edge even in the bosom where sensibility dwells, if levity be blended in the same disposition, nor acquires its utmost violence, but in the thoughtful soul.—However severely felt, if new impressions in succession destroy the preceding, there is comparatively little to complain of, momentary griefs scarcely leave the recollection that we were miserable.—But when affecting thoughts possess that bosom, and penetrate its inmost recesses, where the whole mind centres in the same object, whose unhappiness incapacitates it from receiving any alleviating impression, it then becomes the seat of steady Melancholy, from dire misfortune's force and disappointment's fatal power—the rooted evil leaves not a distant hope of change—here may we safely say, a want of all the finer feelings would have been infinitely preferable to the present state, where wretchedness ends but with life—had fortunate circumstances concurring met his desire, that constancy in passion which renders him the most wretched, would have formed a basis, whence rearing, the column of felicity would have reached the skies and have proved him capable to bless and be blessed.

Alas! What then is man, if to be happy he must be greatly susceptible, and if that susceptibility may be the leading path to wretchedness, and the shoal on which his every happiness may be wrecked.

MODESTY.—Behold the daughter of Innocence, how lovely is the diffidence of her countenance, her cheek is tinged with the deep crimson of the rose—her eyes are placid and serene, and her speech is as the melting softness of the flute.

She turned not her head to gaze after the steps of men, she giveth not her opinion unasked, nor stoppeth her ears to that of another.—Her feet tread with caution, and she feareth to offend.

## THE HAPPY PAIR.

### A FRAGMENT.

IT was a neat little house, by the side of the fields, a pretty looking woman, dressed by Simplicity, Nature's handmaid, was laying the table cloth, and trimming up her little parlour; her looks were cheerful and serene, and with a pleasing voice, though wild and untutored, she sung the following stanzas.

Here, beneath my humble cot,  
Tranquil peace and pleasure dwell;  
If contented with our lot,  
Smiling joy can grace a cell.

Nature's wants are all supplied;  
Food and raiment, balm and fire;  
Let others swell their courts of pride,  
This is all that I require.

Just as she had finished, a genteel young man entered the gate; she ran eagerly to meet him.

"My dear Charles," cried she, "you are late to night!"

"I am weary, Anna," said he, leaning his head upon her shoulder.

"I am sorry for it, my love, but come, eat your supper, and you shall then repose on my bosom, and hush all your cares to rest.

"If to be content is to be happy my dear, said she, how superlatively happy am I. I have no wish beyond what our little income will afford me; my home is to me a palace, thy love my estate. I envy not the rich dames who shine in costly array, I please my Charles in my plain simple attire; I wish to please no other."

"Thou dear reward of all my toils! cried Charles, embracing her, how can I have a wish ungratified, while possessed of thee. I never desired wealth but for thy sake, and thy cheerful, contented disposition, makes even wealth unnecessary."

It is by no means necessary to happiness, said I, as I left the house. Charles and Anna seem perfectly happy and content with only a bare competence. I ask but a competence, cries the luxurious or avaricious wretch; this very exclamation convinces us, that a trifle is adequate to the wants of the humble, frugal mind, while thousands cannot supply the immediate desires of the prodigal, or satisfy the grasping disposition of the miser."

### USEFUL.

A method to make Cider Spirits equal to good Brandy.

TAKE especial care that your cider is put into clean vessels, free from must or other disagreeable smells, and avoid running the low-wines too long, which gives the spirit an ill flavour.—In the second distilling shift the vessel which receives the spirits as soon as it runs below common proof, or has a disagreeable taste or smell, and put what runs afterwards with the low wines. If the cider is good, the spirit thus distilled will take a third of its quantity to reduce it to common proof, for which purpose take the last running from a cask of good watered cider, unfermented. This will make cider spirits better and appear older in 43 hours than the common way will in two years, and if kept to a proper age will be equal to the best brandy ever imported.

## FOR THE DESERT.

MR. EDITOR,

The following I conceive to be a true solution of the REBUS, contained in your last paper.

Part of our Saviour's Cross, the letter T will make,  
And O a circle is, if I do not mistake,  
Two C's beyond dispute, two semi-circles are,  
And I may be sure be called, a Perpendicular,  
Reverse the C's, and place one on the other thus I  
Join I close unto them, and B appears to us.  
A—forms a Triangle and stands upon two feet;  
Again two C's and O will make the word complete,  
Naming a filthy, noisome and offensive Weed,  
As I am confident TORACCO is indeed.

TWICE EIGHT.



## THE MEDLY.

"A thing of words and patches."

"My good Madam" said the excellent Jeremy Taylor, to some indulgent mother "If you do not fill your child's head with something, believe me, the Devil will."

**CAUTIONARY.**—Beware of coquettes, of prudes, of slanderers, of tea-table gossips, of defamatory intelligencers and the whole catalogue of female plagues, for they are more destructive than the locusts of Egypt, more dangerous than the rage of a hurricane and the poison of an asp is under their tongues.

Take care of fops, of powder headed coxcombs, and misanthropic woman haters, of beaux, of bucks, bloods and terrible fellows, of gamblers, drunkards, and obstinate mules, of pedants, and the long list of male tormenters; for they are more odious than the lecture of an old maiden aunt, more unmanageable than a wild cat, more contemptible than a monkey, and more unstable than the wind.

Love has no true pleasure but when it keeps within the bounds of honor.

Life without the softer affections is scarcely above vegetation.

## THE HUMORIST.

A gentleman travelling through Mifflin county after having been pretty freely regaled with the produce of the vine, and crossing a creek of a tolerable depth, his horse stopped just in the middle in order to drink, when suddenly jerking his head down to the water, overthrew his rider on the broad of his back, who being pretty well rolled in the water, raised himself up, and seizing the horse by the mounting lock, exclaimed, "You are a saucy scoundrel indeed that can't take a drink of water without a toast in it."

A punster going along the strand, when a great mob of spectators was gathering to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Charing cross, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered one *Vowel*! Ah! said the querist, *do you know which of them it is, Sir, for there are several of that name?* No, returned the other, I do not. Well, said the wag, this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, *that it is neither U nor I.*

## THE MORALIST.

**THE** cautious traveller, who is a stranger to the way will enquire which of the many roads before him, leads to the place of his destination. He will walk with careful steps through the different and untrodden places he has to go over. His care and vigilance will be increased as those are multiplied.

Happy would it be for us, if, in the journey of life, we used the same precaution!—Happy, indeed if to great prudence in our common affairs, we added the utmost deliberation and circumspection in all our moral actions.

For want of this, how many times are we obliged to "go back slithering" over the ground we have cautiously trodden? And frequently cannot, with all our repentance repair the loss and injury our imprudence has brought upon us.—How much easier to prevent by care, than to remedy by repentance the false steps of hurry and inattention.

We are moral agents destined to pass a life of change and trial here, and soon very soon, to land on the firm and immutable ground of an eternal existence. The happiness of every part of life depends much on our conduct in the preceding period.—in the same manner the condition of the future on the general tenor.

To the Readers of the late *Minerva*.

Mr. PALMER intends issuing a supplement in the course of the next week, to complete the files of the *Minerva*. It will contain the conclusion of a story commenced in that paper.

grief, and love could suggest to him most convincing; nothing seemed to be so to the young

## The Desert.

SATURDAY, JULY 21.

FOR THE DESERT.

### AN ASTRONOMICAL PARADOX.

MR. BRADFORD,

It is affirmed that *noon* or *mid-day*, that is the time when the centre of the sun is exactly on the meridian of the plain, is not precisely the middle point of time between sun-rise and sun-set; but that generally, if not always, the forenoon and afternoon are of unequal lengths. It is hoped that some of your astronomical correspondents will account for this inequality, and tell at what time of the year it will be greatest, and how much it will amount to in the lat. of Philadelphia.

### EXPOSTULATIONS WITH THE MARRIED.

THOU hast received a wife, O Husband! to be the solace of thy life, and thy partner till death. She has left her father's shelter, and her mother's love, and trusted herself to thee. For the confidence she has reposed on thy faith, wilt thou show her less? Wilt thou wantonly grieve that bosom, that has no other receptacle for its own joys—but thine? Thou hast removed a flower that once pleased thee, and which thou callest heaven and earth to witness thou wouldst ever admire, into thy garden; and canst thou look on unconcernedly, and see it wither there. Or is it become less dear to thine eyes, because thou knowest it to be thy property, and that though thou makest its seat a wilderness, it may not remove from thence? Be not that barbarian! Or, if thou wilt, give up thy name of man to the tyger of the desert, a savage of a milder nature than thou.

Thou hast, O Wife! received a Husband, to whom thou hast surrendered thy hand, resigned thy will, and pledged thy heart. The smile of thy brow that first won his regard, thou hast sworn should be perpetual to him. The affection that beamed from thine eyes and captivated his, thou hast caused him to believe shall ever dwell there, and brighten up his most cloudy moments in the darkest season of his distress. Prove not false to thy word. Give him no room to apprehend he has taken a hypocrite to his bosom; that the vision he had, before marriage, was only a pleasing, unreal, phantom; now either vanished away, or changed into a ghastly form. Think of his active engagements and public cares; and let thy gentle bosom be the pillow where all these cares may be forgot.

If, from a contentious and tumultuous world, he should sometimes retire to thee, ruffled himself, encrease not thou his agitation by minute inquisition, or an aspect of disregard. Reflect that he has to encounter the storm; it is thine to enjoy the calm. Enjoy it thyself, and sweeten it to him. Exposed to the inclemencies of the air, wearied with the fatigue of labour, or wasted with the interferences of thought, for thy subsistence, thy convenience, thy pleasure; is it much if thy cheerfulness enhance his welcome, and thy endearments give a relish to his repast? Has he met with anxiety abroad, and shall he also meet it at home? Have the shafts of misfortune been

aimed at his house, and wilt thou, with continual fretting, aim the arrow at his heart? Adopt a different demeanour, if thou wouldst not have thy nature shudder at a monster. Be it thine to soothe, not to irritate; and, without idle questionings, unreluctantly to obey the man whom heaven and thy own choice have made thy lord. In his joys and in his sorrows, take a willing share. In the sunshine of life, let thy participation brighten the bright scene; in the adverse hour, let thy sympathy enliven the dark shade. From the thickest cloud of distress, let thy favour break forth like the rainbow, and quiet with the assurance of hope, the forebodings of the desponding breast.

## Hall of Hymen.

When kindred souls in happy union join,  
How sweet their joys, their pleasures how divine!

### MARRIED.

—On the 13th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. JAMES HUTCHINSON, of Southwark, to Mrs. SARAH SHUBERT, of the Northern Liberties.

—On the 16th inst, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. JOSEPH W. CARTERET, of this city, to Miss HESTER HEWITT, of Cape May.

## Repository of Death.

What is't to die?—'Tis pleasure to the virtuous good,  
But to the coward, or the vicious mind  
'Tis torture—agony supreme.

### DIED.

—On the 15th inst. Mr. WILLIAM FORREST, one of the 1st. troop of Cavalry, at Germantown.

—On the 16th inst. Dr. HUGH HODGE, an eminent physician of this city.

—On the 17th inst. Mr. PETER LEE, after a lingering illness, at Germantown.

—On the 20th inst. in the 71st year of his age, Mr. JOHN RAMSEY, Principal of the Free School belonging to the University of Pennsylvania.

Read here, ye gay, ye lovely, beauteous fair,  
Then pause—pause long—and meditate  
On what ye are—and what ye soon must be.

### DIED.

—On the 16th inst. Mrs. Dubois, wife of Mr. ABRAHAM DUBOIS, of this city.

—On the 16th inst. at Cape May, Mrs. LYDIA VAN MANNIECKE, wife of Mr. ANTHONY VAN MANNIECKE.

—On the 17th inst. Miss MARIA MEAD, aged 14 years and three months, daughter of Mr. George Mead, of this city.

—On the 20th inst. Mrs. HESTER POTTER, wife of Mr. James Potter, of this city.

—On the 13th inst. Mrs. KATHARINE DUANE wife of Mr. William Duane.

SAMUEL F. BRADFORD,

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

difficulty he saved a small number of women and children. He was apprehensive particularly,

felt obliged to evince equal generosity. He refused what he desired most, and refused in vain;





## FOR THE DESERT.

### ADDRESS

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE UNITED STATES  
Who have NOT offered their services to their country.

WHERE is that voice, which ever breath'd to heav'n  
A prayer for mercy, that can now be dumb?  
Or where the pen, which ever urged to man  
A moral duty, can inactive rest  
At this momentous crisis, when the scale  
Of human happiness, in awful pause  
Agoniz'd each hell-born misery, trembling hangs  
To rise or sink distrustful of its fate?

While mad'ning millions rush to load the scale  
Of heaped destruction, shall the virtuous tribe  
With hesitating mind drag slowly on  
Their lingering pace, or sleep a lifeless mass  
In dull lethargic apathy, till chance  
With hand uncertain shall decide their doom,  
Nor make one effort to avert their fall?

In heaven, for help to place religious trust,  
Is duty, only when our duty's done.  
'Tis not for man to tempt his God, and boast  
"I've done no wrong, and therefore brave the storm"  
"In unlit vessels to resist its force;"  
"O, on the precipice' extremest brink  
"Will lay my careless head, and sleep secure."

Heav'n aids the good—but to be good—is not  
Refraining only from an actual ill—  
'Tis to exert whatever of mortal aid,  
Of sense, of reason, and of judgement lies  
Within our reach; 'tis active virtue claims  
The smiles of heav'n, and a true virtue finds  
In heav'n a sure, and unremitting guard.

To moral agency has nature giv'n  
As to mechanic powers, a certain rule.  
Small weights, with rapid motion urged, in pow'r  
Will equal double, urged with half their force.  
One earnest struggle now may make secure  
What twice that struggle moments hence, may lose.  
One twig may save a tottering man from fall,  
But falling, hundreds may not stop his course.  
As yet we may be safe—we are not now:  
But safety's measure'd not, by hostile power  
Or weak or strong; ourselves alone can fix  
The power of foes, and by ourselves, they're made,  
Or weak or strong, as we are roused or sleep.

Strength, is but strength, when to the weaker force  
Opposed; the cock triumphant o'er his mates  
In trembling shakings dreads the Eagle's pounce.  
But strength unguarded, may become the prey  
Of what when watchful would avoid its eye—  
Reptiles may take the sleeping Lion's life,  
But Reptiles shrink from an opposing foe.  
Millions may fear us in the open field  
United, arm'd, and watchful,—while the arts  
Of handfals stealing on our careless dreams  
Of confidence, with dark assassin strides  
May wake us, only to lament our sleep—

'Tis now the time when every man should rouse  
And rouse himself to fear, nor therefore dread  
The coward's infamy,—to fear, is not  
To shun a danger, but more oft the proof  
Of ready virtue, while the dastard mind  
Assumes the guise of confidence, to shield  
A soul unwilling to redress its wrongs.  
Let pride, derived from virtue, have its scope;  
Let each man think that on himself depends  
Our common safety, and with solemn pause  
Reflect that he who, when his country calls,  
Leads not his hand to aid the general good,  
Adds in effect a soldier to the ranks

Of hostile strength, paves conquest's course, becomes  
A traitor to his brothers arm'd, and helps  
To load his injured country with disgrace.

What foul can bear the pointed bang of scorn  
Should hoot him in his walks, while honest tongues  
Indignant cry: behold yon dastard youth  
"Whose father's age was bent beneath the weight  
"Of arms, whose father bled to g-in for him  
"That great inheritance, which thus obtained  
"His paid not values, nor his arm defends."

Lives there a youth, who basely deigns to live  
And owe his freedom to another's blood,  
His own denied to honour's sacred call;  
No longer let Columbia's soil remain  
Infested with the weed, to hostile ranks  
Enforce his flight, with servile breath to fan  
The dying embers of tyrannic sway;  
To drag existence like a cumb'rous weight  
To add to virtue's triumph o'er her foes,  
Dishonour'd living; and detested dead.

## FOR THE DESERT.

### ODE ON THE TIMES.

By a native of Philadelphia.

#### I.

Soldiers attend!! the trump of war resounds,  
Listen with firmness to the forced appeal;  
Nor longer hesitate, the bleeding wounds,  
Of virtue, honour, and our fame to heal.

#### II.

Our country calls—neglect not to obey,  
Arise with energy to guard her rights,  
Our freedom's weaken'd by each dull delay,  
And souls enslaved can know no pure delights.

#### III.

Columbia's fair admire a generous flame,  
A strong enthusiastic, ardent zeal;  
Their sweet applause refines the soldier's fame,  
And gives a polish to the hero's steel.

#### IV.

Careless of life, resolve on sweeter death,  
Rather than view our country's freedom lost,  
Nobly defend it to your latest breath,  
Freely expend the blood it needs must cost.

#### V.

If e'er our foes this halow'd shore profane,  
If on Columbia's soil they dare to tread;  
May base demands inspire our just disdain,  
And signal vengeance mark each villain's head!

#### VI.

Your worth, Columbians, has been nobly tried,  
You've fought, you've bled, and Independence won,  
Nor lessen'd since is freedom's honest pride,  
Save then the birthright of each patriot son.

#### VII.

Bound by each solemn tie of tenderest love,  
Prepare an honoured mother to protect,  
A much lov'd sister's friend and guardian prove,  
And in return the sweetest peace expect.

#### VIII.

Ye honour'd fair! Columbia's fondest pride,  
How shall my muse attain so high a theme  
For you, our toils in envied pleasure glide,  
And keenest anguish passeth like a dream.

#### IX.

For you, the choicest treasure of our land,  
Each patriot brother, life would freely yield,  
In your defence each zealous chosen band  
Would fall a victim on the martial field.

#### X.

If you should hear the military knell  
Proclaim a brother's solemn mournful doom,  
Tell to your children that a hero fell,  
Drop a last tear, and sanctify his tomb.



## TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

### MR. WILLIAM FORREST, OF GERMANTOWN.

SPRUNG from a war-like fire, the gallant son  
Too soon, alas! his bright'ning course has run!  
Too soon obey'd the signal from the skies,  
While death in endless slumbers seals his eyes!

In freedom born, and rear'd by FREEDOM'S hand,  
When rising danger shook his native land,  
He felt as should each youthful patriot feel,  
Sprang to the glittering helm, th' avenging steel,  
Prepar'd to sweep along th' embattled heath,  
Resolv'd on Liberty or glorious death!

Hark! from afar yon melancholy sound!  
With solemn pause\* the martial notes rebound!  
In fault'ring strains my sorrowing Muse must tell,  
It is the passing military knell,  
Whose dismal tones these woe fraught tidings pour,  
"THE YOUNG, THE GALLANT FORREST IS NO MORE."

Ye steel-clad bands!—ye white-robd' fair, attend!  
Columbia's boast!—The intrepid warrior's friend!  
Imbalm with praise the memory of the brave!  
And with your tears imperl the hero's grave!

\* Minute guns.



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